

¹Ashley Town/Ashley Ward

Tape #134

George S. Long speaking about his grandfather, William S. Powell, and the Ashley area during a program given to the Uintah County Historical Society, 11 January 1986.

Transcribed by Kathleen Irving, January 2001

George Long (GL): W.S. Powell, William S. Powell, and those who knew him as friends back then, as just Billy Powell. His only surviving child, Aunt Nellie Kloeppel, is here today and we're real proud of that. I have a picture here of Grandfather and Grandmother and their children. A little later I'll get on the history of Ashley Ward. I've got a map here that I've made by hand and after the programs over, why, you can get up and come take a look at it. It outlines the part that was Ashley of old, old Ashley town, and some of the names of some of the early pioneers and where they lived. There are a few names on there of some of them who weren't quite so early, but I put the names there anyway. There's a couple a three names that was after the turn of the century. A lot of them, I didn't know where they lived so, of course, there are a lot of them missing, but I put a few on there and where the old schoolhouses was and things of this nature. But we'll get into that a little later.

My grandfather was born in northwestern Missouri near the city of St. Joseph in the year 1850. He was born to parents that had been, at one time, quite wealthy. On his mother's side they had been large plantation owners, and, of course, that entailed several slaves that worked for them back in those days.

Missouri was a state that was considered a border state. Most of the people in Missouri were southern sympathizers, so it really caught the dickens when the war ended. In other words, the north, the Union, moved in their own governing people and their own sheriffs and their own constables and all like this. So Missouri was treated just the same as states like Mississippi and Alabama because they had sympathized with the South in the War of the Rebellion, as they called it.

The result of this, too, can be followed right on down through history. The different gangs of outlaws, like the James gang, the Younger gang, and the Daltons and all them, they all originated in Missouri and the reason for this was because the Missouri people being so poor and treated so harshly by the governing bodies, some of them called them "carpetbaggers," they would not do anything particularly to turn in these outlaws. The outlaws robbed from the trains and the banks and so on. So the outlying people, more or less upheld them. And that's why these gangs could not be caught.

As you remember, Missouri and Kansas, they warred back and forth. The Quantrill's and the Andersons lived in Missouri and they would go into Kansas. They were almost like two different countries. And they burned and sacked a lot of the Kansas towns. So this was one reason that my grandfather left Missouri.

He wasn't quite old enough to get in the Civil War. He attended all the best schools that he could and the best school in northwestern Missouri was at Plattsburg, so after finishing his grade school, why, he went to Plattsburg and attended what they called an advanced school. It was something like our junior college and maybe our last two years of high school nowadays. But anyway, he went to this and so he was considered to have a good education.

His folks wanted him to become a minister in the Methodist Church. He didn't particularly care for this. He was an adventurous person, so with this and the way things was following the Civil War, he decided to leave, so he came west. He done so against the wishes of his mother and dad, so he never contacted them for a long while. They didn't know what happened to him. They thought that he had been killed in the Indian battle on the Little Bighorn River where Custer was annihilated. They thought this for a long time.

He came on west to Washington State and worked at the area around Puget Sound, and then to Ogden where he worked along the Weber River when they were building the road down the Weber River, and then on to Kamas where he cut railroad ties. There was an outfit that was buying railroad ties for the Union Pacific Railroad and he worked there.

From there he probably met Pard Dodds, who had been appointed by President Andrew Johnson as the first Indian agent and had his first agency set up in Kamas. It's believed that he probably met Pard Dodds and become acquainted with him. Later, Mr. Dodds, of course, moved to Hanna, then founded Whiterocks. Probably through his knowledge of Captain Dodds, and also William Gibson, who was from out that way (Mr. Gibson married Mary Lambert and her folks were at Kamas), and probably through his communication with these people, these men, he heard about the Ashley Valley. Anyway, he was among the group that came here in 1877. In this group was Louis Kabell and Mr. Gibson and several of them, some of the Johnston's, the Gillman's and so on and so forth.

After he came here, he decided this was the ideal spot for him, so he homesteaded out in Ashley Ward, at that time it wasn't known as Ashley Ward, but just called Ashley, and made his home there and raised his family. Born to him was five children: the eldest, which is my mother, Minnie Long; the next was Elizabeth Long, Lizzie they called her; then Johnny Powell, his son; and William S. "Bud" Powell, his second son; and his youngest daughter, Nellie Kloeppel. He married, I got a little ahead of myself, but he married Nellie E. Luckey, in about 1887. My grandmother, Nellie Luckey, her folks came here from Rio Vista, California, and they homesteaded where the Ron Batty's now live out in Ashley.

So, after they married, in a few years they acquired what is known as the Cane Bottoms on Green River, down below the Jensen bridge on the east side. And they spent time both there and on the ranch in Ashley Ward. At that time, of course, there was no bridge in Jensen, but the Jensen ferry crossed to the Cane Bottoms from the west side of the river down on the lower end, I think, of the old Chatwin place, down in that area somewhere. At that time, most of the town of Jensen, business and stuff, was done down there.

They irrigated that place with the use of waterwheels, and this cabin, the house they had had no stove in it, just a fireplace, and they used this to cook with in the winter and in the summer they cooked outside.

At his place in Ashley, he helped extend the Rockpoint Canal. To begin with there was no canal. They lived along what was called the North Fork of Ashley Creek and Spring Creek. And this provided them the water that they used back then. Later, the canal was extended on down past their place to the Louis Kabell place and on down to where it finally ended or run back into the old creek.

Now, my grandfather was a very kind-hearted man. He helped lots of people get their start. I've heard my mother and my Aunt Nellie tell of the various people that lived at his place when they were first married. Some of the people who later became his neighbors, like Al and Jenny Westover, they lived there until they could get them a home built. The Jones' lived there and various Darlings, the Darlings did and various people and nearly every one of their children

started out in a cabin or else a boarded-up tent at his residence until they could get a place of their own built.

He was a man of extreme honesty. My sister was just telling me yesterday about a time that she remembered when he went to town with his horse and buggy. He bought the groceries and the stuff they needed, practically everything then was bought at the Co-op. It was a one-place shopping center, you might say, you could get hardware or about anything you wanted there. So he went to the Co-op and he bought his needs and also some probably for some of the neighbors, because then you didn't go to town every day or every other day or whatever. You just went to town when you absolutely needed to.

When he got home that night, he found out after he went over his proceeds and everything that he was \$10 ahead. So the next morning he hooked up his team and buggy and back up there with the whole ball he went and give Mr. Bingham the ten dollars. So this is the type of man he was. He believed in helping people. He was a very temperate man, not hard. He didn't become put out with his fellow men if they happened to do something particularly that he didn't agree with. One time one of the early veterinarians had been called to his place. He had a cow that had bloated, and he tried to save the cow and the cow died. Before this he'd had a horse with blood poison and it had died, and some other animal had been sick and the same veterinarian. So this veterinarian said to him, he said, "Mr. Powell," he said, "by golly," he says, "I wished I could save an animal for you some time." So my grandfather was quite put out, and he said, "Well, sure," he said, "I guess the only way you could is for the animal not to be sick to begin with!"

So this is just about the most he would say when he did become urged. My Aunt Nellie said that [there was] only one time that she knows that he came close to getting into a fight with somebody. So, he was a mild-tempered man.

The area where he lived and where I grew up, is still owned by his children and grandchildren, and all through the early days of my life it was known as Powellville. Alvin Gardner, who was our neighbor to the south, always referred to it as that and so did several other people.

He had a twin brother in Missouri and he went for a long time before he contacted his folks in Missouri to tell them where he was at. Finally, he did. His mother, in the meantime, had died and this always bothered Grandfather because he realized she probably died of a broken heart because he never had let her know what had happened to him. He had a twin brother that, as soon as he found out where he was, came west. This is about 1914 and he and his wife came up over the Baxter Pass on the little narrow gauge Uintah Railway to get here and when they got here they was almost scared to death. They said they never went through such an experience as they did coming over that mountain in that little train around them switchbacks and they just dreaded every minute when they'd have to go back. They was wondering if there was some way they could go back and they wouldn't have to go that way. But the only other way they could go back was go to Price and this was quite a lot further and they finally did go back the same way they came in. But once his brother had found out he was here, then he communicated with his folks in Missouri and he made a trip back there later on.

He was well acquainted with those people on the Brush Creek and later that lived over at Greendale. He was very close friends to the Burtons. He and Orson Burton traded horses and he sold cows to Orson and Orson bought some of his haying equipment from my grandfather. They was very good friends and always remained so. He knew the people, a lot of them, from Brown's Park, including Butch Cassidy and Elzy Lay. They had stayed at times at my grandfather's place

because they knew that he'd keep his mouth shut, would never tell that they had been there, and he'd furnish feed for their horses. My mother and my grandmother both have said that Elzy Lay was a very distinguished, good-looking man, and there was no two ways about it that he was Butch Cassidy's right hand man. Until he ended up in prison down in New Mexico, Butch hardly ever done a thing without Elzy Lay being in on it. Elzy Lay married a Vernal girl, Maude Davis, who my mother knew and my grandmother knew. I've heard them talk a lot of Maude Davis. But he knew these people and they had his respect and he had theirs and there was never nothing that ever come up outside of friendship between them.

When my mother and father got married in 1908, they decided to go to Iowa. So my grandfather drove them with a team and buggy to Dragon, and they stayed over night at Dragon, and they may have stayed overnight between here and Dragon, I'm not sure, they may have stayed at Kennedy. But anyway, they stayed overnight at Dragon and caught the little train in March 1908 and went to Iowa. I've heard mother say that the confusion that was at Dragon at that time, the Dragon Mine was on fire, it had caught on fire the month before and was still burning. And so, they were putting down shafts in other areas, like the Country Boy and the Rector, in order to try to keep the production up. There was lots of confusion because some of the bodies had not been retrieved yet from the mine that was on fire. I've heard her say that and what a nice hotel. Dragon had the nicest hotel in eastern Utah at that time. My mother and dad went to Iowa where they lived for about eight years. My three older brother and sisters, Nora, Ruby and Gene, were born there.

Grandfather Powell and my grandmother divorced when Aunt Nellie was a small girl. I don't know the exact year, I guess about 1905 or something, and later he married, remarried again, and so did my grandmother. Of course, she has a separate story to herself and someday I'll have to give it. She married John Harper, who died of blood poison, and then later, Mr. Fairchilds, Mr. Stone, Mr. Savage. She had quite a few husbands, but they were all interesting.

The roads were much different back then. They weren't on a straight line like they are now, south and north and east and west. They wound around through the brush and wherever was the best place to make a road.

Grandfather's home and nearly all of his outbuildings were all connected. Now whether he had done this early back in the days of the Indian, when there was trouble maybe from Indian attacks, I don't know. I assume he did. It did present one bad thing and that was fire. It would burn them clear out. But the buildings were all connected. Aunt Nellie and Uncle Henry Kloeppel lived there for a long while and Uncle Henry gradually tore down some of these buildings. But when Nellie was a little girl and my mother, they were joined together. The cellar was right close, and the well, everything right handy so I guess in case there was an Indian attack they didn't have to go two or three hundred yards to get water or to get their food out of the cellar. I have an idea this was the thing behind it.

Although they never had no Indian trouble, Indians frequented the area a lot. I've heard grandmother tell of how they would stop by and she would trade with them or give them this or give them that or whatever, barter with them, as she called it. One Indian squaw even stopped along the little creek, Spring Creek, and had her baby there and spent part of the afternoon, I guess taking care of herself, washing the baby off, and then went on her way. The other Indians all went and left her, and my grandmother witnessed this. She said it was amazing; she just washed that baby off in that cold water. She said, "I just couldn't believe it." But anyway, that's the way they done and in a lot of cases they were more hardy than the white people.

June the twenty-third of 1923, my grandfather passed away at Jensen in the presence of his son, John, and John's wife, Ruth—John and Ruth Powell. The ranch where Kelly Powell lives now. He was 73 years old. In the obituary, which I've got, it states: "Old Pioneer, Early Teacher and Beekeeper Dies. W. S. Powell died suddenly at his place on Green River Saturday morning June 23 at 1 am." His son had heard his father get up and realized that something wasn't right, so he went in and found his father, found grandfather, sitting on the side of the bed fully clothed. He asked him what was the matter and Grandfather said he wasn't feeling very well and Uncle John felt his hands and they were cold. So he asked him if he wanted him to take him to town and he says, "No," he says, "my other boy's coming down Sunday [tomorrow that would be], there's no need of making another trip." So, he finally decided to lay down again, and he did and said he felt better, then in a few minutes he died. He died an easy death.

Those that participated at his funeral, it was held at the old Ashley Ward brick, back then it was a new brick, schoolhouse: Erik Cramer was our bishop out there then, Ashley Ward had been put into a ward in 1915. So at his funeral, John Wynn spoke—they had four speakers—John Wynn, Hyrum Calder, John N. Davis, and N. G. Sowards. Nowadays, why, we usually have one maybe two at the most, but they had four. All these people were very close friends to Grandfather. They eulogized his sterling character, his honesty, truthfulness, kindness and good citizenship. He was very well thought of and a neighbor to all who associated with him. David Timothy dedicated the grave. Shortly after that, his place was divided up, as I say, amongst his five children and remains as such today.

That about does it on my grandfather. I would like now to give you a brief history of Ashley Ward, or Ashley, where he lived, and of those, some of those, who neighbored and participated with him in making the area what it was back then and, of course, helped make it what it is for us today.

I've made a map here of Ashley Ward and I know it's pretty hard for you to see it, but after while maybe you can come and look at it. This here is Ashley Creek. Here's Vernal and this is Highway 40 in black. Ashley Ward encompasses this area, between 5th North where it goes out to the present city dump and to Brush Creek and 1500 W. where it goes north out to where the Ashley Ward and Maeser [LDS] chapel is now.

When Captain Dodds first came here, along with Morris Evans and Dick Huffaker, they built the first cabin right here, where Joe Dodds lives today, in 1873, four years before my grandfather came. Captain Dodds and his family lived in that cabin until 1897, for over twenty years, until they built a large, frame house adjacent almost to where the cabin was. The cabin stayed there until Joe Dodds, their son, decided to build a new home.

So he tore the old cabin down, and this is a sad thing, he tore the old cabin down because he wanted to build the new house right where the cabin was, his new home, and he numbered every log and laid them carefully aside and it was the intentions back then to have that cabin rebuilt here at the Vernal Park, or somewhere here in Vernal. That never took place. In talking with Joe Dodds, which I've done many, many times, he really felt hurt over this. The logs finally decayed and rotted and one thing and another. But that cabin should have been rebuilt here in Vernal as the valley's first cabin. We see them in a lot of towns we go through. It's too bad we don't have that.

While I'm on the subject, Marie Dodds, who, as you know just passed away recently, also a daughter of very early pioneers, the Burtons, when I first went to her place with the intention of writing early history, she was very skeptical. She knew me, knew who I was, I'd

been there before, but she was very skeptical about letting me have any of her writings or documents. And I said, "Marie, I don't blame you. They are too priceless. I don't want to take them anywhere. I just want to set here with a tape recorder and pen and pencil." And she said, "Well, it isn't that," she says, "but I lent a lot of the stuff that I had, stuff that was handed down to me from my mother and father to a group and they lost them." And she said, "I never got them back. And some of that stuff I didn't even have it in my own mind particularly about exactly how it was." So she was pretty [aloof] about it, you know, and I didn't blame her.

But later on, through the possessions that my mother had left to us children, I had several copies of the early *Pappoose* and the early *Vernal Express*. I've got a couple here. In most of these it mentions something about the Doddses and Burtons. So I went to a copy machine and had some of these copied off. The *Pappoose* didn't copy too good, because the paper was so thin that even the writing on the back side would reflect through almost. But I took these, and done the best I could and I took and give her a copy of about five or six different papers. She was so proud, and she said, "Well, George, anything I got you can come and get." But I still wouldn't do it, because I was just afraid that if something did happen to it, then the loss would just be too much. So I would go up there and I would spend a lot of time with this fine lady and with Joe Dodds, listening to the things they had and looking at the papers that they had. Joe's got paper signed by President Andrew Johnson and one by Abraham Lincoln, pertaining to his father. So this is something. But anyway, I just wanted to put that in there that these fine people, the background they had in this valley is tremendous. I feel bad when we lose any of them, because when we do, we've lost something that ain't nothing can replace.

Getting back to Ashley Ward. Back then it was just called Ashley. They laid out the town and they called it Ashley Forks. And the reason it was called Ashley Forks was when Mr. Dodds and them came here, there was two forks of Ashley Creek and they built the town right in between them. On this map I've got the south fork, which my mother referred to all the days of her life, and then I've got the north fork and little dots where it went. It came down through the Davis/Merkley place, the old Tatum place, which at one time was the Snyders, and on down through the John Harrison place, part of Ivan Batty's place, down through the Silas Wynn place, Ern Seeley place, down through my grandfather's place, down through the Kabell place and on down below 5th North and finally, eventually, ran back into the main body of the creek. And during the high water time in the spring, both these creeks would have water in them, an awful lot of water. I heard Mother say that her dad said at times you could swim a horse even in the north fork. You can still see the old channels, over there by Ivan Batty's and Davis Merkley's and down through Silas Wynn's and Grandmother Cook's place. You can see the old channels, the old depressions where it ran.

The area between was called the island and still today the ditch that irrigates this comes down through the John Harrison place, Ivan Batty's. It's called the Island Ditch. It's referred to as the Island Ditch. Old Ashley town, it became called Old Ashley Town after Vernal come into existence. The area where Vernal is was called the Bench and Hatch Town and I think they even called it Jericho for a while. I don't know, I've heard that.

But right in here is Old Ashley Town. The Burton Resort, which was the old Kelly place prior to Burtons, where Boyd Workman lives now, I got it outlined here. Dodds' Ranch, Gibson's Ranch, Steinakers up in Steinaker Draw. This is the big rocky wreath that runs along it, the Rock Point Canal, and the Dodds' Ditch. Now, Mr. Dodds started the Rock Point Canal and he took the Dodds' Ditch and ran it to his place where Marion Hall and them lives now and

Schaefermeyers. This was work that he done himself, and then Gibson, William Gibson, helped extend the ditch on down to the Sowards' place.

Then John Fairchilds lived down in where the old Ashley Ward chapel is, where Glade Calder lives. They wanted water down there from the Rock Point, so they started a ditch down through to run it in the Spring Creek to get it on down there and Joe Dodds told me that at that time, those of you that recall the old red wash that come down between, at the mouth of Steinaker, how deep it was, and the bridge across there and how deep that red wash was, you can still see it. Joe Dodds told me that his father told him that at that time there was no wash there. It was all flat where the red dirt that would come from the floods of Red Mountain would fan out and go to the east as far as the Hardy place, that's where Lou Freestone lives, and almost to the Gibson house. There was no wash there. So when they started this ditch that was the forerunner of Red Wash, that it says now you can see what happened because of the erosion. That was interesting, I thought, because I kind of figured that wash had been there probably all the time, but he said no, right there in the mouth of the draw, at one time it wasn't that way.

If there's any questions, why, ask me. I'll answer them the best I can.

Wanda ? asks unintelligible question.

GL response: I'm not sure on that, Wanda. It was right in that area.

Now, James Gibson, I believe that was his name, he was a brother to William Gibson, ran a store there, right there. Those big old trees, there at Linford Batty's, Gibson planted them. Lee Sowards told me that. I have an idea Old Ashley probably had more than just the two streets that's there now, the one going north and south and the one going east and west. I have an idea there were several streets there.

Now, Mrs. Rice Cooper, you all remember her, she done a lot of abstract work, and we were getting some deeds and stuff drawn up one day and we went to Mrs. Cooper and she told us that she sure hated to have anybody come in that had any work to do on property lines out by old Ashley Town because she said a lot of the descriptions was like so many feet from someone's livery stable or so many feet from the barbershop. And she said, "How in the heck," she said that was a nightmare, and I had her telling me that thirty years ago when she was still doing that work. She said that was one of the worst, mixed-up places there was, was out toward the old Ashley Town again.

The Rock Point Canal was finally extended on down to where it is nowadays. Prior to that, they took their water, the people living in that area, took their water either out of what little bit was coming down the north fork or out of what's known as Spring Creek today. Spring Creek heads up into the Gibson Ranch, a big spring there still called the Gibson Spring, and that runs a lot of water and makes up most of the water that's in Spring Creek, aside from the waste water and the seepage water that runs in there now. Later, as the Creek goes on down through Willard's and Nora Rasmussen's place and my place, it picks up a lot of water from springs that's in that area.

Up in the draw, the Steinaker's, the Decker's, Newton's, who lived up there, they built a ditch of their own down from Ashley Creek. And this was one of the hardest ditches that there was to maintain because of the sand and stuff that would build up in it. It was a constant struggle.

Ashley was divided into two districts. They were called Ashley District, which was up by the Gibson and Dodds' place, and Union District, which was down where we live, down by the Dave Karren place and the Kabell place. Where it got its name of Union, I don't know. I asked

Joe Dodds one day, I says, "Joe, can you tell me how come they called it Union Ward?" Because everyone referred to it as Union Ward. It wasn't a ward yet. In fact, there was no ward out there. Early church was held in some of the homes and then finally over here in the Vernal area somewhere. The ward wasn't established until 1915. But Joe told me, he says, "Well," he says, "I don't know. The only thing I can think of," he says, "that Dad (his father) was instrumental in calling it Union Ward because he had been a lieutenant in the Union Army during the Civil War, but," he said, "I'm not even sure of that." Or he said it might have been because of the large community that was at Jensen, he said maybe they called it Union Ward more or less as a connection between Jensen and Ashley. "I don't know for sure," [he said]. So we don't absolutely know for sure why they called it Union Ward.

A woman asks something unintelligible about Union and Ashley Districts.

GL: Yeah. Yeah, they were districts for the sake of school, but it somehow got the name 'ward' hung on to it and it was always called Union Ward.

Now the first school in Union Ward was about where Mrs. Kidd lives, in that area there. Then later that school was tore down and another school built down by the old Ern Seeley place and this was a better school and this was where Aunt Nellie and I think my mother and some of them went to school. Billie Ruple went to school there and Jim Redding, Bill Wynn, Silas Wynn. They called it Union School. They had the white schoolhouse, which was up near there by the lower end of the Sowards' place.

Unintelligible question.

GL: Is it? Well, that was where the white school was. Another school was out on the Ashley Creek where Almy [Alma] Preece used to live. Now some of these early teachers was Mr. Dillman, Pete Dillman, Mrs. George Thorne, Emma Jacobs, Mr. Burnell, Mr. Britt, C. P. Vandruth, Mr. Reamer, Mr. Brown, Stella Richards, an aunt of my mother's, and an aunt of Aunt Nellie's here, Rose Luckey. They were all early teachers. N. G. Sowards was instrumental in the early teaching, but he more or less acted as superintendent of schools for years and years, and also principal. My grandfather, W. S. Powell, also taught, only he taught up here at Vernal in one of the first Vernal schools located where the Commercial or the Sage Motel is now. So he taught there in 1889 and '90 and those early years.

In 1915, Ashley was made a ward and Ed Kidd, Thomas E. Kidd, was its first bishop. His first Sunday school superintendent was Charles Hardy. Mrs. William Gibson, Mary Gibson, was the first Relief Society president. Sarah Peters was the Young Ladies Improvement Association president. Mary Preece was president of the Primary. Following Bishop Kidd was Erik Cramer, Karl Preece, Alma Preece, who served longer than any of them, LeRoy Richens, Niles Haslem, Alvin Gardiner, Charles Allred, Niles Haslem again, Glade Anderson, Wayne Swett, Linford Batty, and Harry D. Kidd, and now Richard C. Millett. Dee Kidd is a son of the first bishop, Thomas E. Kidd. The two districts were joined in 1915 and then Ashley Ward. Prior to that they were probably just a branch.

Another early canal that was built and never was finished came out at the mouth of Steinaker Draw, a fellow by the name of Alcorn and Jim Blytho who lived up in Steinaker Draw, obtained a high water right and they were going to run this canal, intersect the Rock Point at the mouth of Steinaker Draw and pick up any waste water that came down Steinaker Draw, which at

that time there was quite a bit. This old canal come around the hill to the east and where I used to live, where the old Silverlicht Sawmill was, you can still see the old canal as it makes its way around the Charley Atwood place where Bill Bagley now lives and went through a tunnel. And then out through the Clay Buckskin Hills. It went for about four miles. All out through here.

Three fellows that told me a lot about this was Leland Sowards and Albert Freestone and Jess Arrowsmith. Jess Arrowsmith's father worked for these people and done all the blasting work. He was considered a demolitions expert. They finally went broke and the old canal was never finished.

Mr. Blytho was a big supporter of it. He lost his place up in Steinaker Draw. He had mortgaged it to Charles H. Hirth, who was an early-day dentist here in Vernal, and Mr. Hirth kept the property until he passed away and from there it went on to his daughter. But Sowardses, Lee Sowards and them, used the ground, or rented the ground from them, for years and years.

Another thing I kind of wanted to mention, with a little humor in it: the Gibson's was one of the foremost families in the ward, or in this valley, for that matter. Mr. Gibson was the first legislator to go to Salt Lake City when Utah become a state. A self-educated man, you might say, and eventually he become intellect enough that he could just about talk with anybody regardless of how much of an education they had. He was a very brilliant man. But he never particularly cared a lot for automobiles.

So his wife, Mary, she kept after him to get her a car, so finally he bought her a car, an early Dodge, and I can remember this car just as well as if it were setting here now. She never let anybody drive it, only herself. And as she would tend to her Relief Society duties and one thing and another, and school programs, she drove this car. One time out to Ashley Ward, Norris Harrison and some of the boys tied a horse right close to the car for a program that was going on, a field day meet it was. And she says, "Young man," she says, "Young men," (there were two or three of them), "I want you to move them horses." They asked her why and she said, "They might kick my car." So she made them move the horses.

When they first bought this car, why Mr. Gibson, he didn't fully trust the automobile, nor I don't suppose he trusted her driving. So he built a garage with two sets of doors, and you may have heard this before. So he instructed her that whenever she left in this car, to open both sets of doors, then when she came home and drove into the garage, if she forgot how to stop it, she could drive right on through and keep circling around until she finally got the contraption stopped. Ruth still uses this garage today for storage and that, but it's just like it was back then. Both sets of doors are still there. So, I thought, you know, that that was quite humorous.

Woman asks question, not intelligible, but it must have been about what happened to the car.

GL: No, somebody got that right after Lee died, and I don't know who. It set there, though, 'til he died. After she died, why the younger boys used it for a while, and finally somebody... I used to work for Lee Sowards a lot and somebody came one night or sometime and took a part off from it and after that why they couldn't get the replacement for it, so it never ran any more after that. But Lee was with the car like he was about anything else he had. He, Lee was a great lover of the things that his father and grandfather had used and he hardly let anything like that go off the place—mow machines and wagons and stuff like that. And Lee believed in using a team of horses the longest day he lived. But I wanted to put that in, and he was as good a man as I ever knew. I owe a lot to Lee Sowards. He was like a second father to me.

The people up Brush Creek and the people at Greendale were considered Ashley Warders, at least until Greendale became a part of Daggett County. I've heard the Arrowsmiths and the Burtons and the Swetts say that if they had anything like a funeral or marriages, or whatever, get-togethers, they would go through Ashley Ward. They were, in fact, I sort of think they were kept on Ashley Ward books. The same was definitely true of the people living on Brush Creek and Little Brush Creek: the Evanses, the Witbecks, the Spicers, the Specks, Goodmans, and those people who lived over there, and the Ruples. They were considered Ashley Warders. Even today, why, I think it's that way. I'm not exactly sure.

Woman asks to say something about Frank Peters, who lived up there on Daniels place: How many miles, how many years did that man walk in the muddy fields for miles to that old Union School to build that fire?

GL: He was a janitor, huh?

Woman: Yeah, well he built the fire every morning in that stove and then his daughter, Edna Peters, would clean the shoes, clean up the building.

GL: Well, that's interesting. I didn't know that.

Woman: So, we have to mention him. He was really a great man, too. [Unintelligible comment.] I don't know how many years he did that.

GL: Frank Peters also had a fine orchard. You know, it's a funny thing. Back in those days there was orchards all the way from the Sutherland place, which is just above the Dodds' all down along that wreath and down past the Hardy place, Lou Freestone place, Sutherlands, and then Dave Karren had a fine orchard. But today you can't hardly get one to get a blossom out of a tree without it getting froze. But back then they had lots of orchards. They raised melons galore out along that area and along with this, I might say, they had their own coal mines. There was one on the Gibson ranch and two on the Dodds ranch and then later several mines up what they call the Mail Draw, over and down into Brush Creek. So, there was lots of activity. They made brick out there. Lee Sowards told me that his grandfather told him they made brick right on their place at one time and they made brick up in the Steinaker Draw. A lot of the early buildings, including the tabernacle, was made of burnt brick that was made here in this valley.

Steinaker Draw was very important to the people. It not only furnished things like rock and brick, but cedar posts for fences or wood. They used to haul load after load of wood, cedar wood, for their winter supply. A lot of rock buildings was made at one time. Fellows like Luther Swett and his brother Elmer were rock masons and they could cut rock and shape it, like the tithing house. Of course, I think the rock for that was got up in Coal Mine Basin, maybe, but there was lots of rock work done. That's a forgotten art anymore.

Nearly everybody had a cellar and some of these would be rocked up or else they would be built into a bank and then covered with dirt. It was an absolute necessity. But things are a lot different nowadays.

Woman: unintelligible question, something about buildings

GL: I'm not sure. Ralph might could answer that. Did the road always go up Steinaker Draw, Ralph?

Ralph Siddoway: Yes. [The rest of the comment is unintelligible.]

GL: Okay, there you are.

Woman: another unintelligible question.

GL: Mail Draw is the draw just east of Steinaker Draw and I assume it got the name Mail Draw because probably that's where the mail come as they brought it over. Thanks, Ralph.

The highway going to Manila, now they refer to it as Highway 191, but back then it was just called the Manila Highway and it didn't go up like it goes now. It went out across the Siddoway bridges, which, by the way, was named after Ralph's folks. Siddoway bridges consisted of about five separate bridges, wasn't one bridge like it is now. There was about four or five laterals, or streams, come down through there and there was all these various bridges. Sometimes some of them would wash out, and when my brother who is just older than I am was born, why one of the bridges was washed out. He was born in June, high water was coming. The doctor was a woman doctor, wasn't it, Nora?

Nora: Yes.

GL: Doctor O'Donnell. She came as far as she could in her buggy...

Nora: A little car.

GL: A little car, and they put some planks and stuff across and someway she got across on the other side, and took a horse, didn't she?

An unintelligible response.

GL: Anyway she crossed over these planks over that raging water, one of these bridges had gone out, and they picked her up on the other side and she come on down and delivered my brother. So, you try to get a doctor to do that nowadays. They won't even come hardly on a good day in a big Chrysler car.

But anyway, the highway then went on out across the Siddoway bridges, and went out to where 1500 North is now and turned east there, in front of the old John Harrison place, which was the Alma Taylor place in the early day, and went on east down to 500 East and then turned north again, went on past the old Ashley Ward chapel and old Ashley Ward school, and on out north to the Hardy place, which was where Lou Freestone lived. Mrs. LeBeau had a little store there and she lived there. Then it followed along the hill and came back in at the mouth of Steinaker Draw.

At that time, the other road come from the Sowardses and the Doddses, crossed the gulch at Steinaker Draw on an old rickety bridge and then it worked its way on up Steinaker Draw. And later on, why, when they built the highway straight on up through where it goes now, past the Preece place and where Al Woehrmann lives and on up past where the Last Chance Café is,

and up through the mouth of Steinaker Draw, they built a big bridge. Fred Feltsch, who lived where Nellie Gardner lives, drove the piling for that bridge and they put that bridge in there and had a real good road then on up through. But I thought that was interesting to know that.

When I was a kid going to school at the old Ashley Ward schoolhouse—deer season—why the teacher would have a hard time getting us to do anything because we'd be looking out of the window at the early cars coming by, and some in wagons, with a deer on, because they'd all come that way. And the men was hauling their wagons with a load of wood, and stuff like that. That's where they highway went.

Some of the early pioneers that lived out there, besides Pardon Dodds and William Gibson, was the Snyder family, and Mr. Snyder, they lived right where Barney and Leah Goodman live, he was struck by lightning in his yard and killed. A couple years later, his little boy, I guess it was Robert, Jr., he died of diphtheria. Some say he was the first child buried in the Rock Point Cemetery, and others say it was a Downing. So, I don't know, but anyway if he wasn't first, he was second, right in there close. She later married William Preece, who was one of our early sheriffs.

Side two of tape, beginning with George Long speaking, mid-sentence:

GL:built up to that time had been built on that place. The brick was three brick thick. That house would have stood probably for, I don't know how long. And they tore it down about fifteen years ago, or ten years ago, and built a new home, the people who live there now.

There was my grandfather, the Darlings, the Wynn families, and there were several of these: the Karrens, the Hartles, the Goodmans, the Ingersons, the Johnsons, the Davis families, the Bunnells, the Allens, the Reddings, Morrisons, Kellys, Blacks, Johnsons, Timothys, LeBeaus, DeFriezes, Claussens, Campbells, Gibsons—James Gibson—the Peters family, the Hardys, the McKnights, Blankenships, Dillmans, Huffakers, Van Gundys, and no doubt there's a lot that I missed.

Some that come into Ashley Ward a little later was: the Swetts and the Kidds; the Rhoadeses; Sowardses, of course, married into the Gibson family; Richardsons; Weeks; Atwoods; Feltsches; Freestones; Seeleys; Gartrells; Tatums; Herberts; Knowles; Corless families; Bryants; McCarrells; Harrisons; Becks; Daegles, that's Shorty Daegle; Eskelsons; Cases; Gardners; Lees; Sweatfields; Rollers; Lewises; Moores; Gurrs; Fillingames; Franks; Clarks; Beddos; Triplets; Masseys; Harrins; Andersons; Miles; Ingers; Meachams; Bobby Lowe; Milo Lamb; Henry Kloeppel, he married my aunt; James Tigerson, who was, by the way, a Spanish War veteran and he lived up in the Draw; William Luckinbill; Frank Whiteman; the Merkleys; the Caldwells; the Arrowsmiths; the Tuckers; the Behrmanns; the Williams; the Joneses; the Jewetts; the Smiths; the Halls; the Smiths; the Lundys; the Fraughtmans; the Osiaks; and Jim Blytho and Decker. The Deckers, they lived up in the Draw where Blytho bought the Decker place.

A lot of hard work these people done up the Draw. They was gonna raise a big orchard. There was a water seep there and they thought they could develop water. They set out the orchard before they got the water to it and the orchard all died but about two trees that they packed water to by hand.

Preeces. Anyway, why there's not many of the originals left out there. I mean descendants of the originals, put it that way. The Doddses, of course, and this is fantastic because Joe Dodds's father being the first man here and Joe still lives there, but his health is very, very bad. And my Aunt Nellie, daughter of William S. Powell. As far as I know they are about the

only two children left of the original families that lived there. Sowardses, Carl Sowards is the grandson of Mr. Gibson. So things has changed a lot. I mean, I can remember when there was about sixty-five families and the last count I made I think was about 300 families. So, it's increased quite a lot.

There's not many of the old homes left. There's the one where Barney Goodman lives, which was a Tatum place, the old post office at Linford Batty's that we asked about, Ruth Sowards's home and the old log house built just above her place that they lived in for many years. The Ivan Batty home is one of the older homes. I'm not exactly sure. Now these are homes I'm mentioning now that was built prior to 1925. The old Preece place where Ronald Preece lived. Reed Taylor. I know don't who owned all.... Raymond Sprouse owns it now. The home where Almy Preece lived, it's been built on to, where Owen Spiers had. The old Lou Freestone house and the house where Helen Freestone lived. The old Elmer Swett house, but no one's living in it. The house where Bill Richardson lives, which is the old Art Corless place, and where Kay Allred lives, that was the Relief Society House. Relief Society built this house back before we had a chapel. Mary Kidd's home, and the home next to her where Winklers used to live, but it was a Steinaker, one of the Steinakers lived there, married Alma Taylor's daughter. And then the old brick house on the Harrison place, which was Alma Taylor's home in the early day, and the brick house right across from there where Ron Batty lives and Frank Steinaker lived, three houses were built out of burnt brick that was made here. Della Cook's house, Flora Wynn's house, and the house where Morrisons used to lived.

There's a house where Bob Dixon now lives that was the old Bill Wynn house. This house was built about 1925, or in that area, right across from the old Morrison place and they moved it. And my father, Henry Kloeppel, Horace Caldwell, Luther Swett, I can't remember who else, I think Marion Westover, anyway, they had about seven teams on this house and they moved it. It seems to me, the weather was like about now, seems like there was a little snow on the ground, but not a lot, but everything was froze up and they put skids under it and they hooked onto it with these horses and my father moved it for \$100. Then he had to pay his teamsters so much. He planned on moving it in one day.

Well, they got down by the McCarrell place and there's a little hill there and the Uintah Power and Light Company had run a power line out there and that's where the last pole was, was right there at the bottom of that hill. The house got away from them going down that hill and even though they'd throw dirt and one thing and another on the hill, because they foresaw what might happen, and they tied a team at the back, but it still got away and slid off the road and wedged against that light pole. Well, they worked with jacks and trying to pull it back and they finally got it skidded back into the road, but darkness had come, so they had to leave it there. No one could get by. Of course, there weren't many cars running back then. So the next day then they moved it on over to where it sets now. I told this to Dixons one time and they was really flabbergasted, you know, to think that house had been moved by a team of horses. But that's the way they moved that.

There's the house where Dave Karrens lived. They built that house and it's still there. And then there's the place where I was born, where my parents lived. These are about the only houses left in Ashley Ward that was there prior to 1925.

People from Ashley was involved in every war since the Civil War. There's only one left that was in World War I and that's Ivan Batty. But, of course, Mr. Dodds and probably several of the other old-timers was in the Civil War. Mr. Tigerson was in the Spanish-American War and maybe some of the others, I don't know. But at one time there was several that was in World

War I, including Henry Kloeppel. But they're all gone now except Ivan Batty. In fact, there's only about two or three left in this whole valley that was in World War I—Joe Haslem and Ralph Chew and Mark Chandler and there's one or two from Roosevelt, and Mr. McNaughton. Is that about it?

Woman: I'm not sure, we could ask Vera, but I believe that Bill and Almy Taylor house is still behind that brick one, isn't it, Vera?

Conversation about a brick house; most comments cannot be heard

GL: It's too bad we can't keep that brick house. It's too bad... What's the plan on that, do you know, Vera?
Vera can't be heard.

GL: Yeah, it's too bad that that one and some of these other early brick houses that were made from the brick here in the valley can't be kept on a restored basis someday.

Woman: Wasn't the Ashley Ward school also made of burnt brick?

GL: Yes. It was made of burnt brick. A lot of homes in Jensen was made of burnt brick. I'm sure that Ralph there knows of a lot of them in this area, the old Curry home.

Audience comments unintelligible. One comment about an old schoolhouse.

GL: Schoolhouse, yeah.

Ralph Siddoway: Old Jensen schoolhouse...

GL: Those at Naples school, too, you know, and the old Central School and old, oh, where those Caldwells used to live up there in Maeser. There's quite a few of them around.

Woman: That old log house that Almy had first. It's still there.

GL: Yeah, well, I'll be darned.

Woman: A brick house. He burned his own brick.

GL: Well, that pretty well does it. I'll just take a minute and read an article that's in this *Pappoose*. This is a copy of the first paper that was ever written here in Vernal, volume one, number one of the *Uintah Pappoose* by Kate Boan. My grandfather was also instrumental in helping talk her into starting a paper, as was William Gibson. William Gibson was her first subscriber and it mentions it in this paper. My mother left me several copies of these, but the papers was of such poor quality that they almost fall to pieces. So I took and had some copies made off, but still again, it didn't do too good a job. Some of it you can read.

Woman: Lee Sowards let me take his one time and I made copies.

GL: Did you? Then I've got one of the first issues here of the *Express*. But this one here tells about the marriage of Flora Colton, daughter of Sterling Colton, to Reuben Collett; the marriage of Frank Billings to Melinda Rasmussen, and it tells about young Will Howard. This was in 1891 and this William Howard, I wonder if it's the same Howard that married Mrs. Batty or Mrs. Searles.

Man: unintelligible comment.

GL: That right? Well, he was thirteen years old when this happened and he was trying to shoot a bullet in a .22 and somehow it got lodged in there and the bullet went off and went up and went into his finger. He was trying to dig the bullet out, the bullet jammed in there, and he was trying to dig it out and it went off somehow and went into his finger. It says, "The thirteen-year-old son of J. Howard will remember the holidays the rest of his life. While trying to force a cartridge into a magazine of a .22 caliber revolver with the point of a knife, the cartridge exploded, the bullet entering the tip of the index finger and lodged at the second joint. He was on Main Street at the time and made his way as rapidly as possible to Dillman's Drug Store where Dr. Butler put him under the influence of chloroform and extracted the bullet. He will no doubt have a stiff finger from now on."

Another thing it mentions in here is, and I'll read this, if I can find it: "Why Do Women Marry? Some women marry because they want a home of their own and these are my conclusions. Some women marry because they want a little more money in their purses, and a larger credit at the shops. Some women marry because they want to put 'Mrs.' on their visiting card. Some women marry because their mother wants them to. Some women marry because a man has asked them to and they do not like to say 'no.' Some women marry for money and nothing else. These women get the money and with it the great responsibilities that they never dreamed of. Some women marry because they love the man, because they want to be his wife and his friend and his helpmate because they want to make him feel like there is one woman in the world whom he can love and cherish and from whom he will receive love and consideration in return because they want him to feel that if sorrow comes he has a sympathetic, loving friend close beside him and that in days of joy there is one who can give him a smile for a smile. These are women worth marrying. The others are worth very little and would never be missed if they dropped out of the matrimonial bonds."

Quite a few amusing things. Over a year and a half later this same Dr. Butler that extracted the bullet out of William Howard's finger, committed suicide. It's in the *Vernal Express* September 15, 1892. I'll just read a little on that, then we'll close up, or if anyone wants to ask some questions.

"Dust to Dust. Dr. P. H. Butler Passes From Life Into Eternity. This is His Letter. Is Whiskey the Medicine? Cool and Calculating to the Last Moment, Chlorol Hydrate the Way." And this is it, September 15, 1892. "To James Chadwick, 12:30 p.m. I have taken hydrate of chlorol with a suicidal intent. My effects should be sold to pay my expenses. Put me in a plain box. Bury me on your farm three feet deep. My valuables shall be at your disposal. Send John Simpson, Coalville, my watch, also my library. Give John Reader my accounts, my saddle and bird." He must have had a bird. "My watch shall be given to John Simpson." He already had that. "My accounts and notes to Frank McCormick. Inquisitive as I have been through life in researches I am still inquiring about that far beyond. It is now 1:15." Forty-five minutes later.

He's still writin: "Tell George Adams I will let him know about what the other world is like, if I can. This is a temporary insanity, the cause I do not know. I want no funeral ceremony unless W. C. Britt wishes to pronounce the timeless end of zero. Later: I want no medical treatments. I'm tired now."

So such was the case. He expired. I was trying to find out who found him. Anyway, George Adams... "Such was the letter scrawled with a lead pencil that lay on the box by the body of Dr. Butler. Upon the bed rested his mortal remains as if in a dreamless sleep. One hand lay before his face, the other hung over the side of the cot on which he had passed from life. Drawn curtains obscured the light. Two bottles of morphine crystals stood nearby. His watch lay on the letter. His body was attired in a shirt, undershirt and drawers. Such was the scene that met the gaze of Charlie Carroll, Alfonzo Henriod, George Adams and Frank McCormick when they forced the rear door to the office open and entered. The doctor had not been seen since Friday, although his horse was still in the stable. On Saturday morning, his friends determined to investigate. Coroner Davis was summoned from Dry Fork and arrived at 12 o'clock. He impaneled a jury at once who proceeded with the case. A small strip of paper was found by them on which was written with a lead pencil. No expense shall be assessed to the county. 'Put my body in a plain box. Chloral hydrate is the way I go to something I do not know. P. H. Butler.'

"On the opposite side is also written in pencil: 'Let me die easy.' Then, in ink, 'No fault of any person is this act of suicide. Whiskey is the medicine.' Signed P.H. Butler."

So, there's lots of things that's happened here that a lot of us probably don't know. I'm sure maybe Ralph or Aunt Nellie or different ones know of them, a lot more than I do. But when you get to reading something like this...

Woman: When did you say he first treated that finger? Was that before Dr. Hullinger came here?

GL: Well, he treated the finger, it was in January 1891.

Woman unintelligible

GL: I don't know when Dr. Hullinger came. Ralph, do you know?

Ralph: [not totally intelligible, he believed Hullinger came before 1905]

GL: I guess maybe there was probably more than one doctor, you know.

Woman: What year did he kill himself?

GL: He committed suicide in September of 1892. That was about a year and a half after he had treated this boy, William Howard, for the bad finger.

I know that some of this that I've given isn't as thorough as it should be. I'm sure that Esther and DeMar and Ralph and different ones, Aunt Nellie and them, like I say, know a lot about Ashley, Ashley Valley, that I don't know. But my firm belief is to try to

The tape is interrupted here for several minutes. When it continues George Long is speaking.

GL: A chance to work with Orson Hall on the mountain and the fabulous accounts of early day history that this man had, it amazed me, you know. So I began writing this stuff down and I made it a point to try to become acquainted or become good friends with these people who had this type of a background, not only because I wanted something from them, but I just enjoy being good friends to them and to any of you.

I didn't want to see these things become non-existent or become forgotten, so today I guess I've got something like twenty-five or so articles, plus I don't know how many short ones that I've written down from different people that maybe it was just a few minutes that I talked to them. But, I hope that we can keep alive these early-day happenings and pass them on. And if any of us know anything... I've given articles or wrote articles, and then I have had people call and say, "Hey, why didn't you say this or that?" And I say, "I wished I'd've knowed it." And I write it down so that if I re-do it or I tell it again, I can add that in. This is the thing to do. If you know something that any of us are in a position like Doris [Burton] or myself, call us up and let us know or write it down and send it to us so we can get it in print or get it written down, because it is treasureless as far as I am concerned.

Stan Slaugh called me the other day from Craig, Colorado, when he'd read the piece I'd written about the Alhandra Ferry and thanked me and told me how it had brought back memories to him. Porter Merrell called from Duchesne, getting well up in years, and told how they had lived out there, in Alahandra.

So, these are the things. I know I don't get it all right, but I make a stab at it and if any of you've got anything you want to tell me or Doris, call us up or come see us.

Vena asks unintelligible question.

GL: No, I sure hope I can get hold of some.

Woman: unintelligible.

GL: We've been trying to get a picture of Chipeta Wells and Kennedy Station. Your dad and mother were out at Kennedy for quite a while and freighted on that road. I was wondering if they would have anything on it. That's good. I'll give her a call or she can get in touch, then.

Woman: [mostly unintelligible] don't have any names for them.

GL: Well, maybe we can find somebody who is familiar enough with those two places that could remember them when they looked at the pictures.

Other unintelligible comments.

GL: Yeah, I forgot to mention that to Shiners, grandfather to DeLoy Shiner and father to this Shiner boy who had the sheep. Had a log house out in Ashley Ward and it caved in one night. Most all the houses back then had a dirt roof and one night in a rainstorm this house caved in, tree fell on it or something, it caved in, and suffocated two of the boys. So there was a lot, well not a lot, but some tragedy involved, too, along with everything else.

Woman: The way that I'd always heard that story was that this storm started, a real lightning storm, and these little boys got scared in their bed and asked if they could come over by their folks' bed and they told them yes, and they came over and lay down beside their bed and a tree fell down and killed them. Had they been sleeping on the bed, they would have been all right.

GL: I know they said that it smothered, or suffocated, them.

Woman: (Unintelligible comments about the storm.) I remember that funeral. It was with two caskets in that old Union School. (Some mention of Elmer Dillon and photographs.)

End of tape.